The Cuckold's Cap Garland,

Containing some of the merriest

NEW SONGS.

1. The Buxom Dame of *Reading*.
2. Young Molly's Lamentation, &c.
3. The Stockton Sailor.
4. The Sailors Lamentation, with the Answer.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The Cuckold's Cap GARLAND.

The Buxom Dame of Reading; *or, the Cuckold's Cap made Uſe of to ſet a miraculous Hen.*

Tune of, White Joak.

NEAR *Reading* there lived a buxom young Dame,
The Wife of a Cobler and *Joan* was her Name,
She had a Hen of a delicate Size,
The like you never beheld with your Eyes;
She had a red Head, grey Wings, yellow Legs,
Each Summer ſhe laid her a Buſhel of Eggs;
And *Joan* laſt Summer would ſet her indeed,
For ſhe was reſolv'd to have more of the Breed.

And as ſhe was ſeting her upon a Day,
A Shepherd came to her, and thus he did ſay,
Oh! what are you doing, ſhe anſwer'd him then,
I am going to ſet a miraculous Hen.
Why then, ſays the Shepherd, to keep the Eggs warm,
And that they may proſper and come to no Harm,
You muſt ſet the Eggs in a large Cuckold's Cap,
And then all the Chickens will come to good Hap.

I have ne'er a Cuckold's Cap, Shepherd, ſays ſhe,
But nevertheleſs I will be rul'd by thee,
For this very Moment, I'll trudge up and down,
And borrow one if there be one in the Town.
So ſhe went to her Neighbour's and thus ſhe did ſay,
Come lend me thy Cuckold's Cap, Neighbour, I pray,
I am going to ſet a miraculous Hen,
And when I've done with it, I'll bring it again.

The Neighbour's Wife anſwer'd, and thus ſhe reply'd
Had I ſuch a Thing you ſhould not be deny'd,
Years fourteen or fifteen I have been a Wife,
And my Husband had ne'er ſuch a Thing in his Life

But

But go to my Couſin that lives at the Mill,
She had one I know and may have it ſtill,
Tell her I ſent you, ſhe'll lend it I know:
O thank you, ſaid *Joan*, and away ſhe did go.

Then ſtraight to the Houſe of the Miller ſhe went,
And told her that ſhe by her Couſin was ſent
To borrow a Thing that was abſolute rare;
A large Cuckold's Cap that her Husband did wear.
I do not deny but ſuch Things there may be,
But why ſhould my Couſin direct you to me;
Theſe nineteen or twenty Years I have been wed,
And my Husband had ne'er ſuch a Cap to his Head.

But go to the Quaker that lives at the Swan,
If I am not miſtaken I think ſhe has one,
And tell her; ſhe'll lend it I know for my Sake,
And I for the ſame a great Favour ſhall take:
So ſhe went to the Houſe of the old Yea and Nay,
And ſpoke to his Wife that was youthful and gay,
Saying, I come to borrow if you will but lend,
A large Cuckold's Cap, I was ſent by a Friend.

The Quaker's Wife nodded and ſaid with a Frown,
I han't ſuch a Thing if thee'd give me a Crown,
Beſides I'd not lend it ſuppoſing I had,
For fear it ſhould make my poor Husband run mad.
In Town there are many young Women perhaps,
Are cunning and artful in making of Caps,
But what are their Names I cannot well ſay,
Therefore excuſe me, Friend *Joan*, I thee pray.

Now *Joan* being tir'd and weary withal,
Says ſhe, I have had no good Fortune at all,
Itis the beginning I think of all Sorrow,
To trudge up and down and of Neighbours to borrow;
A poor Cuckold's Cap I would borrow indeed,
A Thing of ſmall Value, but yet could not ſpeed;
But as I am a Woman, adzooks, cries young *Joan*,
Before it be long I'll have one of my own.

Young Suſan's *Lamentation.*

AS down in a Meadow one Morning I paſs'd,
Oh, there I beheld a beautiful Laſs,
Her Age I am ſure was ſcarcely fifteen,
And ſhe on her Head wore a Garland of Green,
Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,
They ſparkl'd like Diamonds or Stars in the Skies,
And as for her Voice it was charming and clear,
And ſhe ſung a Song for the Loſs of her Dear.

Why does my Love *Billy* prove falſe and unkind,
Or why is he wavering juſt like the Wind,
From one that is conſtant in every Degree,
Or why will he change from another to me,
Or why does he love for to torture me ſo,
Who takes ſuch Delight in my ſad Overthrow,
For *Suſan* did always prove true to her Truſt,
And I'm ſorry that *Billy* ſhould be ſo unjuſt.

The many ſweet Hours we paſſed away,
In flow'ry Fields where we us'd to make Hay,
Oh! how he would ſigh and lie on my Breaſt,
And ſwear without me he never could reſt;
And when he came home from his Harrow and plow,
I milk'd him ſweet Sillibubs under my Cow,
Oh then I was kiſt and ſat on his Knee,
No Man in the World was ſo loving as he.

But now he has left me for *Nanny* the fair,
Employs all his Wiſhes his Thoughts and his care;
It's her now he kiſſes, and ſets on his Knee,
And tells her the fine Tales he once told me;
But if ſhe believes him, the falſe hearted Swain,
He'll leave her in Sorrow like me to complain;
There's nothing more certain, believe ſilly *Sue*
The Man that's once falſe will never prove true.

She finiſh'd her Song, and roſe up to be gone,
And ſtraight ſhe was met by jolly young *John*,

He

He swore that he lov'd her as dear as his Life,
And beg'd for a Proffer to make her his Wife;
She quickly consented, to Church then they went,
Young Billy's forgotten, and Susan's content;
Most Men are like Billy, most Woman like Sue,
Since Men are unconstant, why should Maids be true.

A new Song called young Molly's Lamentation for the Loss of her Sailor.

NOW I am come to take my leave,
My dearest Molly pray do not grieve,
For I am going to the Spanish shore,
To leave my charmer, to leave my charmer,
Whom I do adore.

My dearest Jenny hark to me,
How many ships there's lost at sea;
You're better sleeping in your true love's arms,
Free from all danger, free from all danger,
And most dismal storms.

No storms nor dangers love will I fear,
I go to sea in a privateer.
And if it please fate for to spare my life,
When I return love, when I return love,
I'll make you my wife.

There's one thing more that disturbs my mind,
Some other girl I am afraid you'll find;
For when your sailing in the Spanish shore,
Then you may think, then you may think
On your Polly no more.

Though thousands of fine girls I see,
None shall enjoy my love but thee:
O then, says Polly, if you be so true,
I'll ne'er have no one, I'll ne'er have no one,
My jewel but thee.

Then this couple they did part,
Few knew the grief of true love's smart;
Then he took Shipping, and away he went,
And left poor Polly, and left poor Polly,
In tears to lament. The

The Stockton Sailor.

COme all you young lovers where ever you be,
Draw near and liſten a while unto me,
It's of a young couple who in Stockton does dwell,
William and young Nancy who loved each other well.

Young William being a ſailor is now bound to the main,
And leaving his young Nancy in Sorrow to complain,
To croſs the raging Seas where Billows loud do roar.
Lamenting for his Lover whom he did leave on ſhore.

Sweet William a ring he gave her likewiſe a loving kiſs
Saying my deareſt Nancy pray dont take it amiſs,
Saying we will be married when I return from ſea,
And we will live together in peace and unity.

Then this young couple parted from Portrick he ſet ſail,
The Wind it being fair with a ſweet and pleaſant gale ;
But when they come upon the ſea for Lisbon they did ſteer
But ſtill young William's mind did run upon his Nancy dear.

But when they came near Lisbon the weather prove'd unkind,
And they were drove on ſhore by a quite contrary Wind,
All hands being ſaved what a happy chance was this,
Though William for his lover did meet with that diſtreſs.

But when his lover heard that they were drove on ſhore
She cryed alas for ever I never ſhall ſee him more,
O alas I ſhall diſtracted run kind heaven ſet me free,
That I may ſee my jewel or elſe for him I'll die.

A ſhip then as we hear it was for England bound,
They hired with the Captain to ſail the fir_ fair wind.
Kind heavens now protect me and ſend me ſafe on ſhore.
That I may ſee my Nancy whom I love and adore.
Then William for England away he did ſail,

The wind being faiy with a ſweet proſperous gale,
When he arrived at Stokton a pleaſant ſight to ſee,
Where he beheld his Nancy ſhe wept moſt bitterly.
Next day they were married with all their conſent;

Tho William for his lover through all thoſe dangers went,
For muſic they did play for to paſs the time away,
On William and Nancy's joyful wedding day.

The Sailor's Lamentation for Lovely Sufan.

COME and liften to my Ditty,
All you noble Hearts of Gold,
Lend a Brother Tarr your Pity,
Who was once ſo ſtout and bold:
Till the Arrows of blind Cupid,
Did at once my Heart ſubdue;
Sure no Man was e'er ſo ſlighted,
As I am by my lovely Sue.
When we landed firſt at Dover,
She appear'd an Angel bright;
I was from Foreign Parts come over,
And unuſed to ſo gay a Sight.
On the Beach bright Sufan walked,
Where too near our Frigate lay;
Tho' we were ſo near the Landing,
I, alas! was caſt away.
Once I thought no greater Pleaſure,
I could ſecure unto my mind,
Than to ſee the bold Defiance,
Sailing right before the Wind:
On the Pillows as ſhe danced,
And her Colours gayly flew;
But ſhe was not half ſo charming,
As the Trim of lovely Sue.
When I beheld my charming Creature,
The Delight of Land and Sea,
No Man has ever ſeen a ſweeter,
I would have kept her Company:
I would take her for my true Lover,
For the Better, or the Worſe;
But, alas! I could not bring her
For to ſteer the Marriage-courſe. I often

I often wonder'd that my Sucky,
Was so false and unconstant grown,
Till I found by often lending,
She had another Love in Town:
Then farewel, hard-hearted Sucy,
I'll my Fortune try at Sea
And find out a Latitude more friendly,
Since in your Love I cannot be.

Her kind Answer to the Jolly Sailor.

COme to my Arms, my Jolly Sailor,
Do not say that I'm untrue,
To you I always will be constant,
'Till Death I ne'er will part from you:
Tho' seven Years we have been parted,
Still my Love shall true remain,
Altho' you left me broken hearted,
Your constant Lover I will remain.
Your Sucy always was repining,
For fear you should be cast away,
But when you landed first at Dover,
My Sighs and Tears fled quite away.
The Sight of you my Senses ravish'd,
For to see you safe on Shore;
And tho' so long you've sail'd the Ocean,
we then will part no more.
My Love it settled now for ever,
Since to my Arms you now are come;
But when you are to the *Indies* sailed,
My Heart ak'd for fear of Guns;
That Bullets round you were a flying,
Pierc'd my very Heart to think,
Lest you should be slain by Cannons,
Made my very Heart to shrink. *Finis.*